Carlyle Corrected.

a Royal academy dinner in Lon-
on one occasion several artists
expressing their enthusiasm
Titian. Carlyle and Thackeray
among the guests.
glorious coloring is a fact about
" said one man, striking the ta-
give emphasis to the remark.
d his glorious drawing is another
bout Titian!" cried another artist.
so they went on until Carlyle,
had been listening in silence to
rhapsodies, interrupted them by
with a slow deliberation which
own impressive emphasis:
here I sit, a man made in the
of God, who knows nothing
Titian and cares nothing about
and that's another fact about
."
heur was sipping claret at the
. He paused and bowed cour-
y to Carlyle. "Pardon me," he
"that appears to me to be not a
bout Titian, but a fact, and a
able one, about Carlyle."

The First Iron Ship.

iron boat was built in 1777 on
ver Fosse, in Yorkshire. It was
feet long and was made of sheet
In 1815 Thomas Jevons launched
ll iron boat on the Mersey. It
built by Joshua Horton, near Bir-
ham and fitted up at Liverpool
as the first iron boat that float-
salt water. The first iron steam
was built by the Horsley com-
for the river Seine and called
Manby, after its projector. He
ot a patent in France for iron
ships in 1820 and formed a soci-
r the construction of such ves-
She was put together in London
ook a cargo of linseed and iron
s to Havre and Paris. If, how-
Dutch tradition is to be credit-
first iron vessel that ever float-
s the famous Flying Dutchman
f. She was launched in 1657, and
te was supposed to be a judg-
on the impiety of those who vio-
the order of nature by making
oat.—London Graphic.

est Way to Rise In the World.

ng men are always being advised
se in the world."
ch may or may not be good ad-
It depends upon:
the young man rises.
t he rises upon.
t he rises to.
t he takes up with him.
our idea is to rise in the world by
g money and having people look
you on that account it is easy
h.
ou want to go up like a man,
er, put some foundation besides
s under you. What will you rise
o something worth while. Ideals
orth while, and one way to define
is to say they are what your
r wants you to be. When men go
ideals they are the light of the
—Chicago Journal.

runettes Have Thick Skin.

human skin not only varies in
ness in different individuals, but
different parts of the same per-
ing in some places only one two-
ed and fortieth of an inch in
ess, while in others it is one-
y-fifth of an inch. The skin of
n and children is thinner than
f men. A thick skin is always de-
d over parts where there is fre-
pressure, as on the hands and
Thickness of skin varies with the
of the hair and eyes. Usually
hair and dark brown eyes are
ated with a thick skin. A mod-
y thick skin is found with brown
nd blue or gray eyes. The finest
belongs to blondes and is a usual
spaniment of auburn or flaxen

Harmless Necessary Evil.

bridegroom is generally the most
ssing feature of the modern wed-
If he is well off he is either bald,
a decided tendency to adipose tis-
r else of a pale, sandy type, with
y pale eyes and a retreating chin.
dinary life he wears spectacles,
at the request of the bride he
s at the wedding, with the re-
hat he stumbles over the last step
g from the chancel to the altar
and is only saved from falling
his face by desperately clutch-
t the bride's bouquet.—Ladies'

A Perplexed Poet.

Indiana poet recently sent a po-
companied by the following note,
editor of a magazine:
r Sir—I have written these lines
ur consideration."
ead of getting the ordinary rejec-
lip he received this reply:
y?"
is still wondering whether he
to explain or not.—Chicago Rec-
erald.

In a Bad Way.

nny—I wish my folks would
upon one thing and not keep me
e time in a worry. Tommy—
have they been doing now?
y—Mother won't let me stand on
ead, and dad is all the time fuss-
ecause I wear my shoes out so

The Ring.

e ring of sincerity was in his
when he told me of his love."
should have been in his hand. A
in the hand is worth two in the
"—Houston Post.

Good For Evil.

Gawker—The coal man left his
out. John, he has given us short
t. Gawker—Well, I'll give him
alt.—New York Press.

who murmurs against his condi-
oes not understand it, but he who
ts of it in peace will soon learn to
rehend it.—Anon.

WHIPS OF FLAME.

Picturesque and Puzzling Fire Dance of the Indians.

Mysterious are many of the ways of the red man. Dr. Matthews of Washington gave an interesting account of a fire dance which he was fortunate enough to witness in the far west. The spectators were seated about a large open space, in the center of which burned a ruddy fire.

Suddenly sounded a loud blowing of buffalo horns, mingled with a strange cry like the call of a sand hill crane. Nearer and nearer it came, and then there bounded into the circle ten men, naked to the waist and bearing long bundles of shredded cedar bark.

Round and round the fire danced the little procession, chanting and waving the flexible fagots. After some time the leader abruptly stopped and lighted his fagot of bark. The others followed his example.

Now began a wild race. At first the Indians kept close, spitting upon each other's back a substance supposed to have medicinal virtue. Soon they ran without concert, the long, brilliant streamers of flame flaring behind them. As they sped over the ground round the circle they applied the fiery brands to the bodies of themselves and comrades. Not a man turned as the vigorous, burning blows descended on his naked back. Sometimes they would seize the brand in their hands and rub it over their flesh as if it were a sponge and they were giving themselves a bath of flames. On they danced and whipped and rubbed until all seemed a dazzling ring of fire to the onlookers.

And were there sore and blistered backs the next day under the carelessly worn blankets? Apparently not, for Dr. Matthews saw and talked with the actors directly after the dance, and they seemed to experience no discomfort.

His explanation of the secret does not include the mysterious compound which the Indians spat upon each other. That, he thinks, was probably of no value. But cedar bark ignites at a low temperature, and the white earth with which the men were thickly coated was an excellent nonconductor.—Youth's Companion.

BARRIER BREAKERS.

Peter Cooper—Was only one year at school.

Oliver P. Morton—Lame; walked on crutches.

Chief Justice Chase—Nearsighted; had an impediment in his speech.

Elihu Burritt—Son of a farmer; became an apprentice in a blacksmith's shop.

Estey, the organ maker—Given away at four years of age; had scarcely any schooling.

Nelson W. Aldrich—Entered Providence on foot, with his clothes strung over his back.

Andrew Carnegie—Son of an immigrant; worked as bobbin boy in a mill for $1.20 a week.

Alexander H. Stephens—A dwarf; with a broken scythe he overmatched in the harvest all those who had perfect ones.

Thurlow Weed—So poor in boyhood that one cold March day he had to wrap pieces of cloth about his feet in place of socks and shoes.—Craft's "Successful Men of Today."

In the Polar Night.

The power of the eye to adjust itself to varying intensities of light is illustrated by Dr. Nansen's account of his experience on his north polar expedition in the winter of 1895-96. He was determined to keep a continuous thermometric record during the months of darkness, and whenever the moon was above the horizon he and his assistants found no difficulty in reading the instruments, which were placed in the crow's nest of the ship's mast. But at the time of new moon they had only starlight, because they could not afford to use the oil needed for an outdoor lamp. Yet gradually their eyes became so well trained to see in the dark that they could read the figures on the thermometer scale even in the absence of the moon.

Expressive Slang.

Once in awhile a bit of slang is so expressive that it becomes incorporated into the language as an allowable idiom. One of the most striking of these is "making good." It has come to have not simply a general but a specific meaning. It illustrates the idea of competition; it indicates that under intense modern methods it is only he who succeeds that can, in the long run, win recognition. Recommendations, testimonials, requests from eminent men, all fall before the stern decree that you must "make good."—Success Magazine.

His Other Fall.

In the memoirs of Dr. Thomas W. Evans appears this anecdote of the court of Emperor Napoleon III. in Paris: "At a ball given at the Tuileries a general, slipping on the polished floor, fell at the emperor's feet, pulling down with him his partner. 'Madame,' said the emperor, assisting the lady to rise, 'this is the second time General — has fallen in my presence. The first time was at Solferino.'"

Just a Gentle One.

The Man—A fortune teller predicted that I would be lucky in love. The Maid (demurely)—And the same prediction precisely was made about me. Do you still think, Henry, that we were made for each other?—Puck.

Getting to It.

"Anxious Mother—Has Mr. Bashful proposed yet? Daughter—Not exactly, but last evening, when I was holding little Dick in my lap, Mr. Bashful went to the piano and sang 'Would I Were a Boy Again.'"

A Story of the Russian Revolution

[Original.]

During the late Russo-Japanese war, at the battle of Mukden, when the Russians were about to gain a marked advantage, the color bearer of a regiment posted at a critical point suddenly threw down the colors. The men, seeing the flag lowered, turned and fled. The colonel of the regiment at first supposed that the color bearer had been shot, but on learning that this was not so sent for him. The soldier was conducted before his commanding officer.

John Zariski, the color bearer, was a fine looking young fellow, tall, straight, handsome. There was something defiant in his mien as he stood before his commander waiting punishment, which he could hardly doubt would be death.

"Why did you drop the colors?"

Zariski made no reply. The colonel looked at him curiously. His appearance certainly did not denote lack of bravery. Partly as a test the officer hissed:

"Coward!"

A shiver passed over the young man's frame. He raised his eyes and gave his accuser a glance which seemed to say, "Had I an opportunity you would not impugn my courage again."

Turning to an officer behind him, the colonel gave an order. Zariski was marched in the center of a squad straight for the front, where the fighting was thickest, was placed in position by himself, the squad drew up before him, there was a volley, and he fell.

The officer in command was about to march his men away when he discovered a force of dusky little men moving toward his rear. In another moment he and his men were running to save themselves from being cut off, leaving the body of Zariski among the dead.

Among the first regiments to be sent back to Russia was that in which John Zariski had served. It was posted for a time at Moscow, but on the opening of the revolution was sent to Warsaw and charged with maintaining the government cause in a certain district of the city.

One day a crowd of Polish revolutionists were parading, bearing aloft the flag of Poland, when they were fired on by the Russian troops. The revolutionists returned the fire with far better arms and effect than was usual with them, and the Russians, a small detachment, retired. That night the revolutionists made barricades, and the next morning these barricades bristled with rifles and revolvers. The colonel in command—the same who had ordered the shooting of John Zariski—rode on to the ground and looked at the barricades.

"Captain," he said to the officer in command of the troops, "you must take those barricades."

"Colonel," replied the officer, "I have but ninety men. There are hundreds of the revolutionists, apparently well armed. Besides, they seem to have a leader who knows how to handle them to the best advantage—something I have never noticed concerning them before."

"Captain," replied the colonel, "they are a rabble. Disperse them at once or be prepared to face a court martial."

The captain marched his ninety men up to the breastworks and met a fire that laid low half of them. The rest fled to the rear. There they met the colonel, who sat on his horse scowling at them. Rallying them, he was about to lead them forward when the captain cautioned him.

"Colonel," he said, "I fear a portion of their force have marched around the square and will take us in the rear. There are not so many of them behind their barricade as there were, and their flag is gone."

"All the more reason why they should be dispersed," the colonel growled and gave the order to advance. The men were about to obey when a shot was fired down the street from an opposite direction. All turned and saw a solid mass under the flag of Poland moving upon them by the only route that had been open to their retreat. A man was marching in advance, holding the flag in his right hand, a sword in his left.

"About face!" cried the colonel. "Charge!"

But his order was ignored. The fifty men he commanded knew they were no match for ten times their number on both sides of them. The revolutionists by order of their commander, he who bore the flag, halted, drew up in line with something of the precision of troops and brought their weapons to an aim. Then the colonel consented that the captain should raise his white handkerchief on the point of his sword in token of surrender. The commander of the revolutionists advanced and met the colonel. Both started. John Zariski and the man who had ordered him to be shot for lowering the flag of Russia stood face to face.

"Colonel," said Zariski, "the last time I saw you you called me 'coward.' If it was cowardly to throw down the flag of a nation I detest and hate, then am I a coward. I was not a Russian, but a Pole made to serve against my will. My ancestors fought under the kings of Poland, my grandfather in the revolutions of 1830 and 1846, my father in that of 1863, and now the revolution of 1905 needs their willing descendant."

While Zariski was speaking the colonel sat on his horse, his eyes fixed on the young man before him with the expression of one who was listening to a ghost.

"They told me you had been executed," he said.

"They did their duty. I was badly wounded, but, as you see, recovered and have come here to help gain my country's independence."

JULIUS L. BROWNE

A LUCKY REPORTER.

He Happened to Be on the Spot on Important Occasions.

It requires eternal vigilance for a reporter to bag his game, leaving not a single chance for escape. It might be further said, however, that the element of luck does creep in now and then, either to a newspaper man's advantage or to his ruin. When Reginald Foster was one of the craft, he became famous as the luckiest of reporters. He was alert, energetic and capable of writing an excellent story when he landed it, but seemed to have a mascot perennial and eternal. Wherever he went he stumbled upon a "beat." He happened to be reporting a St. Patrick's day parade and went into the Windsor hotel to telephone his office when the fateful fire started in that hostelry, resulting in the horrible deaths of a great number of persons. Foster abandoned the parade, and helped rescue the imprisoned patrons of the burning hotel, and that night wrote a graphic account of the fire from start to finish. He was the most available reporter in New York when the great Hoboken fire started, and, hiring a steamer in the name of his newspaper, he saved many lives before the firemen could render aid. When President McKinley was assassinated at Buffalo the first news came to all the papers in New York in the shape of a very brief bulletin. A group of newspaper men simultaneously asked of each other, "Where is Foster?" Somebody explained that he was then on his vacation at Narragansett Pier, but, even while he was speaking, a telegram to the city editor was received and torn open. It read thus: "I was right beside the president when he was shot, having come to Buffalo exposition to close my vacation. Will send full descriptive story tonight." It was Foster.—Remsen Crawford in Success Magazine.

THE MARINE ENGINEER.

Startling Example Showing the Dangers of His Calling.

Of all causes of boiler deterioration, says H. P. Watson in the Engineering Magazine, by far the most numerous are those arising from the presence of scale and its twin sister, incrustation; but broken braces can give an engineer a very bad quarter of an hour. A steamer plying on the great lakes many years ago carried very high steam for those days—fifty pounds per square inch on a very large and light shell. The engineer on watch was down in the fire room looking around when a loud bang came from one of the boilers. Instantly divining the cause, he looked questioningly at the head watch tender, who replied, "Be jabers, I hope that ain't next door neighbor to the one that let go on the other watch."

That startled the engineer, for he had not been told of the other broken brace. He at once stopped the blowers, opened the doors, shut the stop valve between boilers and put on the feed pumps as rapidly as they could go so as to reduce pressure. The deck department was notified that it would be necessary to stop, and they hauled to one side of the channel and waited for the coming up of another boat in the same line passed a few miles back. The passengers (there were 1,000 on board) and mails were transferred, and the boat returned with the injured boiler out of business.

Upon examination the next day it was found that three braces had given way at or near one another, two letting go simultaneously apparently, and that the precautions taken against a disaster (which would have been terrible if it had occurred) were none too soon. This was merely an episode within the everyday duty of an engineer and carries its own warning.

Jumble of Languages.

There are towns in Hungary, and small towns, too, where from seven to ten idioms are constantly being used. On the Galician frontier there is in a lovely valley the old town of Eperjes. The number of its inhabitants do not exceed 12,000. To this day the good people of Eperjes are in the habit of talking or being talked to in six different languages and several dialects. An ordinary household will include a Slovac manservant, a Hungarian coachman, a German cook and a Polish chambermaid. What is still more remarkable, each grade of society will tenaciously cling to its own language for centuries.

The Bishop and the Senator.

A visiting bishop in Washington was arguing with a senator on the desirability of attending church. At last he put the question squarely, "What is your personal reason for not attending?"

The senator smiled in a no-offense-intended way as he replied, "The fact is, one finds so many hypocrites there."

Returning the smile, the bishop said: "Don't let that keep you away, senator. There's always room for one more."—Philadelphia Post.

Rejected.

"No, Mr. Penwiggle," said the fair girl to the literary youth who had proposed, "I cannot accept you, but that does not imply"—

"I know what you would say," he interrupted bitterly. "A rejection does not imply any lack of merit, but a number of circumstances render an article unsuitable. It's the old story."—Washington Star.

Help on Both Sides.

Uncle Archibald—It must tire you, Bertha, to talk to your old deaf uncle. Bertha—Oh, just a trifle, dear Uncle Archie. Uncle Archibald—Well—don't say it so much, but say it louder.—Brooklyn Life.

If you don't learn to have before you give, you'll never have anything worth while to give.—"Gumption."

HEART OF LOUIS XIV.

How It Came to Be Buried In Westminster Abbey.

A remarkable story regarding the heart of Louis XIV. and how it came to be buried in Westminster abbey was told in London Truth by Henry Labouchere, who said the story was told to him by the late Colonel Harcourt and was confirmed by his brother, the late Sir William Harcourt. A Harcourt who lived during the first French revolution had many connections in France and invited many of the emigres to visit him. Among them was the canon of St. Denis. On leaving the canon expressed his thanks for the kindly hospitality of his host and produced from his pocket something that looked like a piece of dried leather an inch or so long, which he presented to him. "I was," he said, "in the cathedral when the royal tombs were broken open and the contents scattered to the winds. This heart is that of Louis XIV. It was kept in a separate receptacle, and I managed to get away with it." The heart thus came into the possession of the Harcourt family and was occasionally produced for the inspection of visitors as a curiosity. The late Dr. Buckland, dean of Westminster, was on a visit when it was brought out for his inspection. He was then very old and had some reputation as a man of science, and the scientific spirit moved him to wet his finger and rub it on the heart. He put the finger to his mouth after that, and before he could be stopped he put the heart into his mouth and swallowed it, whether by accident or design will never be known. Very shortly afterward he died and was buried in Westminster abbey. It is impossible he could ever have digested the thing. Consequently the heart of Louis XIV. must now be reposing in Westminster abbey inclosed in the body of an English dean.

SHE HAD HER SAY.

A Girl's Revolt Against an Award of Valedictory Honors.

"I think the greatest shock I ever experienced and the biggest revolt against my discipline occurred when I was teaching in a country high school," said the schoolteacher. "It was in a school where the valedictory honor was awarded by popular vote of the school, a most unjust method, by the way, but one to which I was forced to succumb. The girl who received the most votes was by no means the best scholar, and the pupil who ranked highest in scholarship was plainly indignant.

"Every boy and girl in the class was obliged to write and read a graduation essay, and it was my task to look these essays over and aid in the rewriting of them. The pupil who ranked the highest in the class handed in her essay to me with some defiance, and in it I found some reference to the valedictory honor being rightly hers. I cut it out and told her plainly that nothing of that sort should go into her paper. She agreed to leave it out.

"The graduation exercises were passing off splendidly when it came her turn to read her essay. She had a facile way of writing, and I was proud of her, but when she reached what I knew was the conclusion she stepped forward a little and proceeded to deliver two pages of regulation valedictory. She bade farewell to the class, the school and the teachers, and of course we could not stop her. It took all the sails out of the chosen valedictorian, who followed, and after the exercises there was much wailing and hot words. We couldn't do a thing, as the sinner was now a graduate of the school, and we had no right to punish her, but it took me all summer to get over the effect of such a stunning performance."—New York Press.

Progressive Matrimony.

"You can always tell a young husband from an old one by the way he acts when he goes after a bucket of water," says Uncle Hiram. "Three months married, he swings the pump handle, whistles and casts covert glances at the house as though some one were looking at him from the window. One year married, he swings the pump handle more slowly, smiles occasionally and seems to be annoyed because the meal is late. Two years married, he looks sour and glum, kicks the cat over the coal house and looks at the house as if he would like to choke somebody. Three years married, he sits on the doorstep and smokes while his wife works the pump handle."—Kansas City Journal.

The Great Chain.

The "great chain," the links of which were two and one-half inches square and one foot long, each link weighing 140 pounds, was stretched across the Hudson river at West Point, just below Fort Clinton, May 1, 1778, to prevent the British warships from ascending the river. The total weight of the chain was 180 tons, and its length was 450 yards. Parts of it are still preserved at West Point.

Real Detectives at Work.

"That was a terrible crime committed yesterday."

"It was so. Have the police made any progress toward apprehending the guilty parties?"

"Oh, yes. They've persuaded the newspapers to take the matter up."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Sarcastic.

Walter—How did you order your beef, sir? Gruxeigh—Personally, confound you! I suppose I ought to have ordered it by mail two weeks in advance.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

As the sword of the best tempered metal is most flexible, so the truly generous are most pliant and courteous in their behavior to their inferiors.—Feltham.

THE MONOTONY OF LIFE.

Why a Comment About It Made One Man Laugh Out Loud.

"Sometimes I think that the monotony of life wears on us far more than the duties we have to discharge," sighed a robust citizen the other evening as the car reared on its hind legs and began to creep up the shaft. "The everlasting rut or treadmill, or whatever you may choose to call it, gets on to one's nerves. Existence isn't varied for many of us; it's a perpetual grind."

His companion looked at him a moment and showed a broad grin. "I like that kind of talk," he said. "It's so truthful. Do you know what you do when anything out of the ordinary happens to interfere with your cut and dried plan and takes you a few steps out of your beaten path? I do. You throw three or four fits hand running and look and behave as if there had been a death in the family. If your wife accepts an invitation or makes an engagement for you or you're cornered so that you can't escape the theater or a concert, you're the crossest and most despondent creature on earth. And you'll invent excuses that wouldn't wash in a strong lye to dodge a visit to your relatives or an excursion or a journey to another city. You want to do the same things in the same old way day after day, and if you can't do them you sit down and cry. With you it's the morning paper, breakfast, the barber, work, luncheon, more work, home and the evening paper, and that would be your routine if you had $100,000 a year and were free to come and go as you chose. Nine men out of ten are exactly like you, and when I hear them complaining of monotony I have to laugh out loud."—Providence Journal.

STEVENSON'S PRAYERS.

They Were a Necessity to the Life of the Afflicted Writer.

"With my husband prayer—the direct appeal—was a necessity," writes Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson. "When he was happy he felt impelled to offer thanks for that undeserved joy; when in sorrow or pain, to call for strength to bear what must be borne." Then in every Samoan household the day closed with prayer and the singing of hymns. She says again: "As soon as our household had fallen into a regular routine and the bonds of Samoan family life began to draw as more closely together, Tusitala felt the necessity of including our retainers in our evening devotions." To their usual evening service they were summoned by the "pu" or Samoan war conch. She does not think it ever occurred to them that there was any incongruity in this use of it.

One of these plain, patriarchal services Stevenson himself on one occasion brought to a sudden check. "He had just learned of the treacherous conduct of one in whom he had every reason to trust. That evening the prayer seemed unusually short and formal. As the singing stopped he rose abruptly and left the room. I hastened after him, fearing some sudden illness. 'What is it?' I asked. 'It is this,' was the reply. 'I am not yet fit to say, "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us."'"

"Piano-Organ."

"Piano-organ" seems to have got into the language—unfortunately, since the contrivance so designated is neither a piano nor an organ. "Organ," in musical language, means an arrangement of pipes or reeds, with bellows, keyboard, pedals and draw stops. The "piano-organ" has none of these. "Piano" is short for "pianoforte" and indicates a keyed wire instrument which can be played both softly (piano) and loudly (forte). Now, nobody ever heard a "piano-organ" play "piano." A possible explanation is that the first user of the bad word "piano-organ" was trying to combine "pianoforte" and barrel organ," and, of course, he couldn't call the thing a "barrelforte."—London Chronicle.

Bismarck's Comment.

In the early days of the present German empire the question as to how the kaiser's title should run divided the court into three sections. One division favored "German emperor," the second was for "emperor of Germany," while the third wished it to be "emperor of the Germans." Bismarck, who was present at the such discussion, looked up from a meal. "What's the Latin for sausage?" he asked. "Farcimentum," said one. "Farcimen," said another. Bismarck smiled significantly as he replied, "Farcimentum or farcimen, it is all the same to me."

Inconsistent.

"If You Don't See What You Want, Ask For It," is the sign displayed over a grocer's counter. And when a man went in and asked payment of a bill that had been running for six months he was shown out through the front door. He is now of opinion that grocers are not consistent.

A Juvenile Opinion.

"I suppose you will marry when you grow up," said the visitor pleasantly.

"No," replied the thoughtful little girl; "mamma says papa is more care than the children, so I guess the care of my children will be enough for me without the care of a husband."—Chicago Post.

His Descent.

"Woodby declares his grandfather descended from one of the greatest houses in England."

"Ah, yes; I did hear a story about the old man falling off a roof he was repairing once for Lord Somebody or other!"—Philadelphia Ledger.

A hero or a genius, or both, is the man who guesses right most of the time and then does it.—Louisville Herald.